

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1907.

(Only 6 more days for Easter preparation)

S. KANN'SONS & CO

8th St. & Pa. Ave.
THE BUSY CORNER

Ruffs

for Easter.

CHIFFON RUFFS—In white, light blue, pink, navy blue, brown, black, and champagne; full and fluffy, and prices range from \$1.50, \$2.25, \$2.98, \$4.25.

BLACK LACE RUFFS AND CAPES—Also the new Medici style in very pretty full effects. Prices range from 98c, \$1.50, up to \$6.25.

Fancy combs

for stylish coiffures.

SPIKE-TOP BACK COMBS; choice of over a dozen styles in shell or amber; worth 75c to \$1.00. Choice..... 49c

BALL-TOP BACK COMBS, in shell color only. Worth 49c, for..... 25c

BACK COMBS, inlaid with gold; four styles to select from. Worth 85c, for..... 49c

First floor—S. Kann, Sons & Co.

OUR EASTER MILLINERY

is exceptionally artistic and distinctive. You'd never expect to buy such lovely hats so low.

THE immense crowds that have thronged our parlors during the past week have testified to the appreciation of Washington's fashionable women in being able to purchase hats with so much individuality and Frenchy an air about them for the prices we ask. Only one week until Easter. Order your hat to-morrow.

READY TO WEAR Hats, hand-made braids in all colors. Prices range from \$1.98 to \$6.98

UNTRIMMED HATS, Leghorns in the bleached and unbleached; also black. Prices range from 59c to \$1.98

CHIP FLATS, in black, white, and colors. Prices range from 59c to \$1.98

ROUGH BRAIDS, in all the new shapes, and in Burnt, Champagne, and Tuscan colors. Prices range from 98c to \$1.98

Millinery Dept.—Second floor.

\$25 French hats

We ordered these for our opening, but they came too late for this purpose, and though there is not one in the lot that is not worth less than \$25, some much more, because we did not get them when expected, and because we wish to give you a special offering for Easter, we will sell them for.....

\$15

A full line of trimmed hats,

in all styles—from \$5 up to \$35.

ANOTHER EASTER SPECIAL.

\$3.98

A splendid lot of trimmed hats that are really worth from \$4.98 to \$5.98. Leghorns, chips, Neapolitans, rough-and-ready braids, fancy braids; trimmed with meline, taffeta, or faille ribbons, flowers, grasses, quills, wings; and the shapes are principally mushrooms, pokes, large picture or garden hats, flats, etc. These we are going to offer to-morrow, each.....

UNTRIMMED HATS, in one hundred different shapes and colorings, including the very newest of the season, each..... 59c

NEAPOLITAN and Horsehair Braids, one hundred different shapes; worth \$.98 each. Special..... 98c

SAILORS, Rough and Ready straws, in black and white; the new Knox shapes. Prices range from 79c, 98c, \$1.29, \$1.49, to \$1.98.

OSTRICH PLUMES—Our assortment is complete in this line, in black and colors. Prices range from \$1.98 to \$19.98

Easter cards and booklets
First floor.

Wide black silks.

Scarce elsewhere; abundant here; greatly in demand

BLACK DRESS TAFFETA, 36 inches wide, firm and heavy, with a fine luster; an extraordinary bargain. We contracted for this silk six months ago, and the value to-day should be \$1.59 a yard. Our guarantee is that this is the best value in the country to-day for a yard. Our special price, a yard..... \$1.25

EXTRA HEAVY BLACK DRESS TAFFETA, fine and firm, 32 inches wide. The lot offered last week of this same grade was sold out by noon, and we could not purchase this quality to-day at our retail price. Worth \$1.39. Special, a yard..... \$1.15

CHIFFON FINISH BLACK TAFFETA, 36 inches wide; no dressing or foreign filling; an ideal dress fabric for the most guaranteed wear; worth every cent of \$1.25 a yard. Special, a yard..... \$1.09

BLACK SATIN DE CHINE, 36 inches wide; a lustrous finish, good wearing quality. Worth \$1.00 a yard. Special, a yard..... 79c

Silk department—First floor.

OUR CELEBRATED GREEN-EDGE BLACK TAFFETA, 36 inches wide. We have not advanced the price on this, though raw silk has gone up so mightily in price, and we assert that this is the best value in the country to-day for a yard..... 98c

BLACK JAPANESE SILKS, Lyons dye, 36 inches wide, has the finish and luster for which Lyons silk is so justly famed. Just received in the "nick of time" for this sale. Regularly worth 75c. Special, a yard..... 59c

BLACK PEAU DE SOIE, 36 inches wide; a very scarce silk now at any price, and an ideal weight for summer skirts, and a beautiful finished fabric. Regularly worth \$1.19 a yard. Our price, a yard..... 89c

BLACK PEAU DE SOIE, 36 inches wide, double faced, and guaranteed to wear. Worth \$1.49 a yard. Special, a yard..... \$1.17

Silk department—First floor.

Lingerie, net, or silk waists

For Easter—At savings

The savings are substantial, too—fully a third under real value. We've prepared for every want in Easter Waists, for the woman who wants an inexpensive lingerie one to those with a taste for imported models. All are made in the latest spring styles.

NET WAISTS, with silk or mousseline linings; choice of 2 styles, with fancy yokes and choice of plain tailored styles, and choice of inserting and medallions. Only..... \$2.95

SILK OR LACE WAISTS. The former of soft messallines and taffetas in elaborately trimmed or plain tailored styles, and choice of white, black, light blue, or pink. The Net Waists are of white or ecru net, in yoke styles, and trimmings of Cluny or German Val lace. Unlimited variety, at..... \$5.00

LINGERIE WAISTS, in 12 distinct styles; elaborately trimmed in German Val lace and embroidery, with pin tucking; yoke or straight front effects. Real dainty waists, and choice..... \$2.00

LINGERIE WAISTS, with yoke of Irish lace, back and front; attached collar, graduated pin tucking; three-quarter sleeves; lace-trimmed cuffs. A lovely model, and only..... \$2.95

Second floor—S. Kann, Sons & Co.

Long French Kid Gloves

For Easter

at attractive savings.

All this week on 12 and 16 button length French Kid Gloves you may save 50c. a pair.

12-button length at \$2.50 pair.
16-button length at \$3.00 pair.

These concessions cover our entire stock of gloves in these lengths—black, white, and colors.

Here, where you'll find a variety in kinds of which there is a general scarcity, is the most advantageous place for glove buying.

Dress goods

If you have delayed until now selecting the fabric for the new dress—DO IT TO-MORROW. These special items tell, in an interesting way, WHY.

Blacks.

LUPIN'S VOILES, beautiful grade; regularly \$1.49 yard; at..... \$1.25

ALL-WOOL PANAMA, 36 inches wide; regular 50c grade; to-morrow only, a yard..... 69c

FRENCH NOVELTY VOILES, in checks, plaids, and stripes; superior quality, and..... \$1.25 to \$2.00

PANAMA, 54 inches wide, and the regular \$1.50 yard grade; offered at..... \$1.25

LUPIN'S ALL-WOOL TAFFETAS, in checks, plaids, and stripes; superior quality, and..... 98c

ALL-WOOL BATISTE, 36 inches wide; offered at..... 49c

BLACK VOILES, 54 inches wide, and regular \$1.50 yard grade. We've got two pieces to sell at a yard..... \$1.49

Colors.

TAILOR SUITINGS, in the newest designs; 36 inches wide, and worth \$1.00 a yard. Our price..... 75c

BROWN DRESS GOODS, of which there is such a demand in weaves such as Batiste, Panama, Taffeta, Prunella, Readona, Crepe, Voile, and such. These are in the new accepted brown shades, and range in price, yard..... 49c to \$1.25

MOHAIR, 54 inches wide, and in shadow stripe effects and colors of black, brown, gray, and navy blue. Worth \$1.50 a yard. Offered at..... 89c

BATISTE, in a taffeta weave, all wool, 42 inches wide; choice of tan, brown, navy blue, Alice blue, gray, rose and garnet. A yard only..... 69c

Around About Washington

English Sparrows Put to a New Use—The Expensive Umbrella—He Wanted to Get Off the Car—And Other Stories.

"Everybody has heard the tale of how the cat came back, and stories of the intelligence of dogs and other animals are numerous," said the man with a story to tell; "but the thing that has claimed my attention for the past few weeks is the fact that at least some members of the sparrow family have been enjoying their ease and a great deal of luxury in pretty bright brass cages, and every time I see the busy little creatures now I unconsciously find myself anxiously examining their feathers, wondering the while if they numbered among the hundred or more fortunate ones that a clever grafter succeeded in palming off on this ever-credulous public of ours as the real thing in the way of chirping canary birds.

"The fellow who is performing the trick is, from last accounts, at large and still doing business at the same old stand. He certainly has my congratulations and possesses, I believe, enough sand to plaster a house. My only regret is that the ingenious chap should permit such real talent and rare qualities of enterprise to go to seed. Somehow I feel provoked that it should be wasted upon a poor little flock of innocent sparrows.

"As it turned out, complaints have been coming in thick and fast. Complaints that a man has for some time been peddling around Washington English sparrows that, it has since been discovered, were artistically dipped into a pretty, bright, canary-colored dye and disposed of at a dollar or more a head, the latter depending upon the generosity of his victims. With each purchase was given a slip of paper, upon which was written the rules which, it was stated, were to be carefully adhered to. Exactness, he explained, being necessary, owing to the unusual requirements of the peculiar species of canary bird which he presented. Upon the paper was written a few rules and consisted chiefly of 'Don'ts for canary birds.' One read: 'Avoid strong light,' and went on to explain that the bird was very young, and that like all young things strong light was bad for the eyes. But the 'don't' that proved the fellow's undoing and will lead to his final capture appeared in black capital letters and read: 'Never bathe the bird but once within a month. The bird having been just taken fresh from the bath this morning, there

will be no further trouble concerning its bath for a month. All that this bird requires is plenty of food.

"Now, even to the unthinking," concluded the merchant, "this sounds preposterous. But just the same, it actually happened right here in this City of Magnificent Distances, and had not the dye rubbed off of the little captives, thereby establishing their identity, I haven't a doubt the grafter would have died independently wealthy. All of which only adds one more proof to the ever-growing fact that 'all that glitters is not gold,' and that the public really wants to be humbugged—that they are looking for it, the only real difference being a question of degree.

"I've always had it in for the man who carries his umbrella around with him as a walking stick, or just in case of rain, and usually succeeds in poking it into the faces of everybody with whom he comes in contact; but now I've nothing more to say," remarked a guest in the lobby of a local hotel one morning last week.

"Upon reaching this city a week ago, I deposited my umbrella in the check-room of the station and went merrily on my way in the thought that I would do no damage during the day from that source, at least. Well, instead of spending the day in Washington, as I had intended, I've been here a week, and forgot all about my parachute until this morning, when I strolled down to the station to redeem it, and myself, incidentally, for I also purchased a ticket for home. There among other checked articles I spied my old one-dollar umbrella, and pointed it out to the gentle-looking little woman in attendance as I put down a dime and corresponding brass piece.

"The change is seventy cents," she sweetly informed me, not even seeing my little dime.

"Seventy cents?" I exclaimed, in tones that suggested she was trying to rob me. "Yes, sir, seventy cents," she said demurely rejoined. "We charge ten cents for every twenty-four hours an article is left in our care—in storage."

"Well, there was no mistaking the statement," said the visitor, "so I cashed in. Anyhow, I think Washington is a great old place."

The emancipation proclamation undoubtedly put an end to slavery on an ex-

tensive scale, but it is doubtful whether it altogether abolished the idea in the minds of some good old Southern families. This was clearly demonstrated by the will of an aged lady who died recently in a Southern Maryland county. Before the war there had been many slaves in the family, and at the time of the lady's death three old black mammys still remained of the once large number. Her goodness to her old servants was repaid by a lifetime devotion, and many touching little incidents could be related concerning their loyalty to their mistress. They vowed never to leave her, and she in turn kept faith with them in life and provided for them after her death in the following manner: During the aged lady's last illness she made her will, dividing all her goods and chattels equally among her three daughters. Each child received a barrel of pork, a cow, ten bushels of wheat, and a third of the corn meal and poultry on the old homestead. Then came this paragraph, eliminating, of course, the names of her daughters:

"To my daughter—I leave Aunt Mimmy; to my daughter—I leave Aunt Jennie; to my daughter—I leave Aunt Sallie. I ask each of my daughters to care and protect each of my slaves bequeathed to her until death of said servant."

Each of these old mammys considers that she is as much the property of the daughter to whom she was "left," as if this last will and testament had been made in the ante-bellum days, and no amount of "freedom" talk would induce them to assert their independence, no strong is their affection for the once prosperous family.

"The daily newspapers fairly teem with accounts of accidents of every known character, many of them results of trifling oversights. But have you ever read or heard of a messenger boy getting the worst of it?" asked a policeman stationed at a transfer junction in this city. "These chaps ride in and out of danger with a grace any society girl might envy, and what would scare a war veteran breathless, never so much as disturbs a hair on the head of the District messenger boy. He is proof and that's about all there is to it."

"The other day I was on duty here, and I noticed pulling up the hill at break-neck speed a boy on a bicycle. It was noon, and the street unusually crowded. Well, I'm a strong man, and accidents have no novelty for me, but this particular chap made my heart stand still. Fifty or more persons ran to this rescue, and I was about to send in a hurry call for the ambulance, when out rode that chap as cool as the proverbial cucumber. How he ever managed to untwist himself out of the fender of the car and pull his legs out of the spokes of the wheels of one or maybe more vehicles that were passing remains

a mystery for the anxious crowd and myself to solve, but he did it without so much as a scratch, and apparently without once raising his head or slowing up an inch. It all happened in a jiffy, and the now dazed crowd stood breathless as he rode off. Had I known the "kid" was a messenger boy I wouldn't have given the matter a second thought, but he was not in uniform, for some reason, so I naturally concluded it was some one with real bones and human flesh, and determined to make an example of him and gave chase immediately. Instead of stopping as I called to him to do, he rode faster than before, if possible, and all the while kept his head turned in my direction, throwing me sassy looks. Finally a bicycle policeman appeared from one of the crossings, and nabbed him, and when I reached the scene, positively suffering for want of breath, he was still smiling that devilish smile.

"Young man," said I, "but got no further. See here, displaying his badge at the same time, broke in the racial, 'me number—twenty-three—see!' An' of youse cops don't ring the bell and let me car pass on I'll have the bunch of yowes pulled for stopping the United States mail. Ain't you wise?"

"I was too dumfounded to speak, and when I did recover my senses and glanced up the street there was that archin looker back at me with that same smile, and still dodging out of the jaws of the cars, only to land under the nose of some other moving thing.

"But listen to what I tell you. Never this side of either place can you lose or hurt the District messenger boy. How ever reckless, no harm can ever befall him on earth. He is immune."

"When it comes to occupying space on a car just let me tell you that the man has my sympathy every trip," asserted an Avenue conductor to a chosen passenger the other morning.

"Now, just by way of illustration, get on to the large number of women standing inside. Because a poor, timid little man failed to surrender his seat to her—a space she couldn't have squeezed into to save her life, and she knew it—the large woman just—just by way of making the little man feel littler and cheaper than the thirty coppers—stood right in front of him for the distance of ten blocks and inflicted every known torture, from smothering him with her fighting bundles down to standing on his feet. Before the end she put the whole car in roars of laughter. The poor, little man tried to get up, but it wasn't his move, because the large woman thought it was to at last give her her seat. 'I beg you, sir, do keep your seat! I have stood for ten blocks, and I am perfectly able to stand to the end of the line.' There was immediately a freeze-out, and the shrinking man fell back in his corner.

"At the end of the next block he tried

to get up again, and the large woman handed him some more conversation. "But I only want to get off," piped the little man.

"Then everybody laughed except the large woman."

"Aunt Anna," said a bright, little boy of Washington, "at Sunday school last Sunday morning the teacher told us we must all be very good children, because when a good person dies the body is placed in a grave and their spirit goes to heaven; but when a wicked person dies the body is placed in a grave and the spirit goes to the bad man. Now, Aunt Anna, I've thought about it all week, and I believe I'd rather be the body than the spirit."

"We men are frequently called cowards when it comes to enduring physical pain, and I reckon we deserve it, too, for countless times we hear about a man not being able to suffer as much pain as a woman." a business man of Washington was heard to remark, "but," he continued, "I never had the fact so forcibly presented to me as one morning last week. I had had fearful pains in my head for a few days, and having lost patience and on my way to the office one morning recently I determined to see the doctor about it and did so. Contrary to all rules governing a visit to the doctor, the pain became more intense instead of stopping, or even getting better. "It may have been that my groans disturbed the patient for whom the doctor was prescribing in an adjoining room. At any rate, in a short while the door flew open and I prepared to pour my woes into his sympathetic ear. Instead, I was greeted with, 'What in heaven's name is the matter with you, Jack Black? What are you groaning about?' I tried to tell him, and, feeling ashamed of myself, made it a little worse than it already was. 'Is that all?' he came back at me; 'sit down, I'll get to you after while; you have a little cold, and for heaven's sake stop your moaning; brace up and be a woman for once in your life.' After that blow you better believe I remained quiet until I was called to seek his medical advice. Whereupon I quickly agreed with him that it was nothing but a slight cold and he laughingly told me as I went out that he hoped the last dose would be as beneficial as the first."

Shades of Pante.
From Puck.
Dramatis personae:
Ethel, a mere woman; Edith something more.
Edith, reading Blackstone.
Enter a mouse.
Ethel (wildly)—Murder!
Edith (with presence of mind)—Man-slaughter!

WHY THE LINE CHANGED.

The manager of the construction department of the Pleasant Valley electric road was greatly disturbed when Judkins, the foreman, came in and said that he could not go on with the work on account of two women and a baby.

"Well," said the manager, according to the Chicago Tribune, "this is all nonsense. We have the right of way and the road is going through where it is surveyed. I'll go out and see to it myself."

The foreman went out with a smile on his face and the young manager followed him to where the construction of the road had come to a full stop.

In front of a dilapidated structure was seated a girl rocking a baby. Back of the girl, sitting on the low step, was a weary looking woman.

The manager approached and said: "Madam, are you aware that you are obstructing the progress of our work?"

"I reckon I am. That's what Susan is there for; that's what I and the kids are here for. We propose to shunt your road off to one side."

"But, madam, the line has been surveyed. You will have to move. Your place has been condemned. You will be paid for it. The law—"

"Don't know any law," she interrupted, "nor don't want to. I know that your road, even if it was backed by the president, can't run through our kitchen and our yard where Jimmie is buried."

The manager passed around the shanty. Under a stunted apple tree was a small marble slab with a few flowers growing about it. He drew near and read the words carved upon the stone:

James Bloom—Aged 12.
He saved for hundreds lives in Pleasant Valley in 1907.
Jimmie was drowned.

There was a soft tone in the manager's voice when he repeated at the front and said to the woman:

"Your son was drowned, it seems."

"Yes, Jimmie was drowned. He rode Black Bess down the valley to warn the folks when the big dam busted up in the hills. Every one was saved; but while he was crossing the bridge it went down with him and Black Bess."

"We ain't ever been able to buy a stone for Bess. The apple tree that's over here seems a likely thing instead of a stone."

"Madam, you will not have to move. Where is your husband?"

"Upstairs readin' the Gospel so's not to let his temper get the best of him. He's got his shotgun, an'—"

"Well, good morning!" and the manager and his men moved on.

The matter was laid before the directors, and the Pleasant Valley electric road takes a turn to the left and rounds a small structure with a marble slab in the back yard under a stunted apple tree.

ANOTHER BROOKLYN TUNNEL

Engineering Difficulties Overcome in Construction of the Tubes.

Varying Character of the Material Through Which Bore Goes Responsible for Trouble.

With the completion a few days ago of the second of the twin tubes by which the rapid-transit system of this city is being carried beneath the East River, says the Scientific American, the linking up of Brooklyn and Manhattan by an unbroken stretch of subway tracks is brought one step nearer completion. Compared with the work of driving the longer tunnels beneath the Hudson River, the construction of the tubes beneath the East River has been a far more formidable task. If we except the difficulties encountered by the English company which attempted to drive the first tube beneath the Hudson River, the work of connecting Manhattan and New Jersey has not been attended with very serious trouble; at any rate, if there have been difficulties, they have been overcome so quietly that the public has heard very little about them.

The East River, however, has proved a very difficult proposition, largely because of the varying character and consistency of the material through which the tubes had to be driven, sand, rock, and mud being successively encountered. It is to this variation of the material of the river bottom, together with what have always been considered to be the over-night construction of the tubes, that the trouble in the way of faulty alignment and elevation and the distortion of the tubes themselves is largely due. The bending stresses at the point where the tubes pass rather suddenly from solid rock into soft mud have been so great as to crack some of the plates, and most of the delay on these tunnels has been due to the necessity of repairing these broken plates, and restoring the grade of the tunnel at points where it had fallen below the proper elevation.

Blissfully Ignorant.
From Army and Navy Life.
Clerk—"You can't get a room here for that man, he's drunk."

Man (supporting a weary friend)—"That is all right, what of that?"

Clerk—"That is a temperance hotel."

Man—"Well, he's too drunk to know the difference."